

Laura Green. 31 July 1839.

My dear Son,

Not knowing for how many days you intended to remain in London, I have written to your uncle in answer to your last. This is a repetition of your former inadvertency, not telling me, while you ask for answers, how to address a letter. Your uncle, indeed, some time since, wrote that he supposed you would be in London for a month. If I recollect rightly, I asked you if that was the case. I had as much reason to suppose you had gone to London merely or chiefly for your portulankars. Then as you did not inform me to whose care I could direct a letter, I thought <sup>at first</sup> of answering you with a direction to Midhurst. At length, observing the little word "yet" in your postscript - "not yet in lodgings", I think it probable, but no more than probable, that a letter may find you at Mr. Skynner's. You leave me quite in the dark.

I told your uncle all about what I did yesterday for your trunks; - it need not be repeated, as he is on the spot to receive them, or to follow up my inquiries.

From what you have written, I have also explained to him that I entirely disapprove of your sacrifice of three years to study the business of a millwright; and, at the end, be left unfit for an engineer. You must not, however, much rely on a post in a Government Office, to be obtained by



your present friends. I have told him it would be better  
which perhaps I could manage, to place you with M<sup>r</sup>  
DeLabache, who is making a geological survey for the  
Government, at a certainty of day for an undefined  
period.

I should not have run the hazard of this reaching  
you unless to tell you that you can give introductions  
to Kirkup and Severs for M<sup>r</sup> Hyman's friend.

Nor will I say a word more, except that I am  
Your affectionate father,

Chas. Brower.

As I pay postage to your uncle on your affairs  
and owing to your neglect, you ought to pay the  
postage of this.

8. 81

5. 00







